

# A T A L E

FROM

## Dunkirk.



**S**Trange News is come Sirs o're they say,  
(Tho' Faith I can't tell well which way;)  
Old bloody *Lewis* has in view,  
Some mighty Project if't be true:  
For as some Letters lately Writ  
From *Holland*, say a mighty Fleet,  
With Men, and Arms, and God knows what,  
At *Dunkirk* is Equipping out:  
To Maul us off, but tell not where:  
By which we ought to have most care:  
Tho' some again the Truth deny,  
And prove from Reason 'tis a Lye;  
That *Lewis* can as well go Sh---,  
As send out Men or Ships to Fight:  
Unless it be to save his Bacon,  
For fear the Town shou'd next be Taken:  
And in that case his Policy,  
Wou'd with the Project well agree.  
Some say again the present Work,  
Is to assist his Brother *Turk*:  
And tho' it sounds a little oddly,  
'Tis not so strange when Men are Godly:  
For he the Devil or the Pope,  
'Tis known wou'd help, if he cou'd hope;  
With wicked Plots to undermine,  
Or Propagate his black Designs.  
But what most likely, he doth mean,  
Ay, this surprizing sudden Scene;  
Is as some People make appear,  
T' assist St. *George*, *Le Chevalier*.  
**A**Royal Pan Born valiant Knight,  
Who in Jack-Boots, and Armour bright:  
Had rather Sh---t by half than Fight.  
That do's at Blood and Dangers Scoff,  
Provided he's a good way off,  
As once, e'er Battle well begun,  
He to the Top of Steeple Run.  
And there discern'd with curious Eye,  
When it was time for him to Fly.  
Nay, we can prove, his Fame to save,  
That he's as Fortunate as Brave;  
(Else there's no trusting to Tradition,)  
Witness the Northern Expedition,  
Where he with Twenty Thousand Men,  
Went up the Hill, and so came down again:  
Nor is't a wonder now to find,  
His great *Ally* so very kind.  
If no Success he meets from those,  
To palm Sir *Perkin* on his Foes,  
Or send him with his Brother *Hero*,  
Young *Phil.* to *Mexico* and *Peru*.  
But since we cannot farther Treat,  
At present of this mighty Fleet,  
I'll make my Tale both short and sweet.  
If *Lewis* is so mad to send here,  
Like Errant Knight, the Young Pretender;  
Altho' no Lands he shou'd possess,  
(As one in truth, wou'd guesf noleſſ.)  
He need not of all Hopes dispair,  
For by this Project one may Swear,  
He'll find a Castle in the Air.